

The Hong Kong Daily Press

No. 8479 一九七四八九第

一月正年十一

HONGKONG, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1885.

三月

PRICE \$24 PER MONTH

SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.

February 24, SIGNAL, German steamer, 384, Humber, Hollow 22nd February, General—SIEMENS & Co.

February 24, THALKA, British steamer, 819, T. G. Pocock, Foochow 20th February, Amoy 21st, and Swatow 23rd, General—DUGLAS LATHRA & Co.

February 24, ATROL, British steamer, 923, Thomson, Foochow 22nd February, General—ADAMSON, Bell & Co.

February 24, TAICHOW, British steamer, 882, James Jordan, Bangkok 16th Feb, General—YEN FAT HONG.

February 24, YANGTZE, British steamer, 789, Schles, Shanghai 21st February, General—SIEMENS & Co.

February 24, KWANG-LEE, American steamer, 1507, Andrew, from Whampoa, General—EUSSELL & Co.

CLEARANCES.

AT THE HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE, 24TH FEBRUARY.

Konwett, British str., for Swatow.

Fing-on, British str., for Amoy.

Lanou, British str., for Shanghai.

Wells Castle, British bark, for Manila.

Khios, British str., for Singapore.

Zafiro, British str., for Manila.

Sooloo, British bark, for Chefoo.

DEPARTURES.

February 24, P. C. C. KIAO, British str., for Swatow.

February 24, SARPEDON, German steamer, for Shanghai.

February 24, CAMBRIA, British steamer, for Kuching.

February 24, ANTON, German str., for Holloway.

February 24, CRUSADE, British steamer, for Swatow.

February 24, OXUS, French str., for Europe.

February 24, BENVENUTO, British str., for Sagon.

February 24, INVINCIBLE, Am. ship, for Manila.

February 24, KHAIA, British str., for Bombay.

PASSENGERS.

ARRIVED.

Per Antor, str., from Holloway—13 Chinese.

Per Thales, str., from Coast Ports—Mr. Parker, and 88 Chinese.

Per Trafalgar, str., from Bangkok—Captain Gossom, and 33 Chinese.

Per Yunnan, str., from Shanghai—Capt. and Mrs. McPherson, Mr. Brandt, and 7 Chinese.

DEPARTED.

Per Ozus, str., from Hongkong—for Sagon.

One Chinese, for Singapore—Mr. V. A. Sales and servant. For Pox—said—Rev. P. Pizzolli. For Marseilles—Mr. and Mrs. Avedo Gomes and 2 children, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Nantz, Mrs. Mary Brown, Messrs. J. Hartson, Gruen, M. Lampert, and Rovigno.

REPORTS.

The British steamer *Yankee* reports left Shanghai on the 13th inst., and experienced fresh N.E. following sea and cloudy weather. At Sharp Peaks str., *Athel*, *Yatkin*, and *Hedys*; *Mare* and German g-bt. *Minerva*. Left Amoy on the 21st, 4 p.m., had light N.E. winds and cloudy weather. In Amoy str. *Cheung H. Kian*, H. M. S. *Cleopatra*, and Japanese man-of-war *Banjo-ka*. Left Swatow on the 26th, 6 p.m., had fresh North-easterly breeze, cloudy and rainy. Arrived at Amoy. In Sagon, *Poole*, *Fulham*, *Cheung H. Kian*, and H. M. S. *Esk*.

AMOY SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.

13. Douglas, British str., from Foochow.

13. Swo, British str., from Swatow.

14. Thales, British str., from Hongkong.

14. C. H. Kian, British str., from Hongkong.

15. Rovigno, British str., from Hongkong.

15. Rovigno, British str., for Foochow.

15. Banjo-ka, Japanese g-bt, from Kuling.

15. Caroline, Norwegian bark, from Cheseo.

15. Douglas, British str., for Swatow.

14. Galveston, German bark, for Chefoo.

14. Hilda, British str., for Nagasaki.

14. Tung Hing, Tailor Shop, for Foochow.

14. Phoenix, British str., for Foochow.

14. Swo, British str., for Shanghai.

14. Thales, British str., for Foochow.

14. Johann Carl, German str., for Chefoo.

15. Swift, British g-bt, for Hongkong.

15. Tiong Song, Chinese g-bt, for Pessodoro.

15. Namao, British str., for Swatow.

15. Rovigno, British str., for Shanghai.

FOOCHOW SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.

10. Douglas, British str., from Hongkong.

10. Wimar, German str., for Shanghai.

10. Hoitou, British str., for Shanghai.

10. Banjo-ka, Japanese g-bt, for a cruise.

10. Nanjing, British str., for Shanghai.

11. Douglas, British str., for Sharp Peak.

11. Athel, British str., for Sharp Peak.

THE CHINA & JAPAN TELEPHONE COMPANY, LIMITED.

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AND TELEPHONE MATERIALS, of every description always on hand and for sale at the CHINA & JAPAN TELEPHONE COMPANY, LTD., J. D. BISHOP, Manager, Telegraphic Address—BEHOU, Shanghai.

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CHRISTMAS CAKES,

GAME PIES,

AND ALL LUXURIES, Can be obtained on application to the Hongkong Hotel.

H. ST. CLARE GREELEY.

Hongkong, 22nd December, 1884.

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£1 TO £4 per day to be made by persons

at their own localities, at work for us. New business. All meet with wonderful success. Any one can do the work. Capital required. We will start you. Outfit work £1 required free. The employment is particularly adapted to the regions of China and Japan. Boys and girls are welcome as men. Full particulars and instructions mailed free. Now is the time—don't delay, but write to us at once. Address: STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine, United States.

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K. EATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DISEASES OF THE BREATHING SP, specially cured by K. EATING'S COUGH LOZENGES (recognised and recommended by the Medical Faculty). No other remedy is half so effective. One Lozenge alone gives relief. They contain no Opium, Morphine, nor any violent drug, and may be taken by the most delicate. One or two at bedtime ensure rest when troubled by the throat. Sold by all Chemists in Bottles.

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INTIMATIONS.

JUST RECEIVED.

NEW SCARFS AND TIES.

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NEW SCARFS AND TIES.

Suitable for the Spring Season.

NEW FELT HATS.

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EXTRACT.

THREE TRAVELERS.
Three errant angels sped with starry light,
Come thro' the gates ajar, at break of day;
And one was fair—clothed in celestial white;
And one was dark and clad in sapphire gray;
Pale red and rosemary wreathed the locks of one—
And one was crowded with radiance, the sun.
These errant angels, journeying day by day,
Thro' barren wilds, or fruitful summer lands,
Came to a low, green valley by the way;
Set in the midst of waste and desert sands;
Beneath our stately palm a glittering shaft
Of bubbling crystal water leapt and laughed.
"Oh! I am weary of the grievous road!"
I faint beneath the burden, I must bear!
Wild are the wastes, and thorns unnumbered load
My faltering steps; kind sleep awoke us there!
"Sweet comrades, let us tarry—let us tarry!"
And Death, the sombre angel, turned aside
With Life, the overburdened, faint was he
In that dim valley overworn to die.
But lo! the mists and shroud, Life, with a grim, resisted hand will led them on;
To some appointed goal, yet far withdrawn;
And Life, with bared feet and failing breath,
Bearing her heavy cross, still follows slow;
Looking for rest and solace unto Death.
When that far destined goal to which they go,
That distant, unknown end, is reached at last,
And all their toilsons wondering is past!

B. A.

CORRODIES.

Such was the name anciently given to those persons who bestowed all their property on monasteries, receiving in exchange a little cell within the sacred precincts, and a daily dole of the necessities of life. The corrodier was not a monk, and was bound by no vows; he simply relinquished the cares of the world and the trouble of managing his own property in exchange for a life of quiet and repose. In the turbulent days of the past it is not wonderful that many a man as age advanced upon him felt desirous, like the old Spanish general, "to put an interval between fighting and dying"; but corrodiers are not extinct even in the present century.

Most hard working men have a distant ideal of a haven of rest, where they will retire from active life and leave younger hands to carry on their work. Often the actual corrodier bargain is struck between them and their descendants, and the shop-keeper hands over his business to his son, or the senior partner retires in favour of his junior, for a fixed income. What arrangement can be more satisfactory to all parties? As it was in the days of old, when the knight or baron threw aside his corrodies and worldly associates to enter the securer and peaceful home of the corrodier, so his modern successor can relieve himself of worry and toil at the expense of his sons or nephews, who are young and able to battle with the world. In theory, nothing can be happier than the life of a corrodier. But it is as blissful in actual reality? This has dimmed the recollections of the first of the class, and as the historians of the time were chiefly monks, who profited by the transfer of property, it may be that the accounts that have come down to us are a trifle one-sided in their character. In his "Chronicles of Troyland," Ingulph gives a rose-coloured picture of the peace and security enjoyed by those persons who had transferred their possessions to the abbey for the sake of living under its shadow; and his account may be true in the main. But it is difficult to believe that the most devout corrodier never experienced a certain yearning to meddle again in the management of his own estate after it had passed into the administration of the brotherhood. Probably the monks were better landlords and better farmers than he had ever been, but it must have been difficult for the original lessor to acknowledge this. The persons who took the religious vows and actually entered the monastery were spared this vexation, as they renounced all interest in mundane matters; but the corrodiers were not so ascetic, and as he sat in his box, with little to occupy him, he must often have grained in spirit at the mistaken manner in which his fields were being sown, or his tenants treated. Tenayson's "Northern Farmer" candidly acknowledges that "he could not bear to see" the alterations that other tenants will make in his farm after his decease, and probably few of us would be altogether satisfied with the manner in which our heirs would carry on our work.

There is a fable of a miser whose whole life had been so evil that, after his death, the authorities of Hades were puzzled to find punishment sufficient for him. At last it was decided, as the worst of penalties, that his spirit should revisit the earth and see how his heirs were spending his money. This fate is somewhat like the lot of a corrodier, ancient or modern. To the hard-wooded man of the nineteenth century, as to the baron of old, there is something fascinating in the idea of a period of repose in later life; and when the corrodier hands over his estate, or his shop, or his business, he doubts less feels a sensation of relief. But does the sensation last? Idiomas now falls on a man whose previous life has been one of work and activity. As the old tailoress clattered about his manufacture, "on melting days" so the shopkeepers' business man is apt, if he lives in the vicinity, to weary his successors by "just looking in to see how things are going." This habit, like a bad spelling-book, "breeds leathomeness and quartiles." The new managers are, of course, carrying on the business after their own fashion, and introducing innovations which vex the corrodier's very soul. Naturally the dislikes being transferred with the testator will be of kindred or the result due to age prevents their expressing their feelings openly. But the corrodier goes home sighing that "these boys will wreck the business" and the "boys" in turn wish that "when the old gentleman has retired, he would keep away, altogether, and not come meddling." It can never be agreeable to correlate to revisit his relinquished property. The ancient corrodier must have had to strive, pangs it ever walked again over his broad acres, and found his tenants utterly indifferent to his presence, while they bowed and graced before the prior, who might put a good word for them. Dr. Christiano, of Venice, left 6,000L for the maintenance of his three dogs, with a condition that at their death the sum be added to the University of Vienna. A Mrs. Elizabeth Hunter, in 1813, left \$1,000 a year to her parrot, and the Count of Mirandola bequeathed a large legacy to a pet cat. Lord Chesterfield left a sum for the support of his favourite cat, so also did one Frederick Harper, who settled \$500 a year on his "young black cat," the interest to be paid to his housekeeper, Mrs. Hodges, as long as the cat should remain alive. The most singular of these pets, however, was that of a Mr. Berkeley, of Knightbridge, who died in 1805. He left \$12 to four of his dogs. During a journey through France and Italy this gentleman, being attacked by brigands, had been protected and saved by his dog; the four animals, pensioned by his will were the descendants of this faithful friend. Feeling his end near Mr. Berkeley desired that two arm-chains might be brought to his bedside, and his four dogs seated on them. He received their last caresses, which he returned with the best of his failing strength and died in their paws. By an article in his will he ordered that the busts of his four dogs should be carved in stone and placed at the four corners of his tomb.—*Galatea.*

ful results. Charles V. did not find the peace he anticipated at St. Just. Like most corrodiers, he cast backward glances at the world he professed to forsake, and his advice and suggestions were received with scant courtesy by his son and successor. There was, as is frequently the case with corrodiers, wrangling and dispute about the punctual payment of his stipulated allowance—altogether the Emperor might have led a no less unquiet age had he tarried at the Escorial. Christina of Sweden was wise enough to travel after her abdication, and so escaped the trial of witnessing the acts of her successor; but even she clung to her vanished power, as was shown by her high-handed execution (murder, some of her contemporaries entitled it) of her secretary at Fontainebleau. Richard Cromwell was one of the most resigned of corrodiers, but the power he relinquished was but a shadow after all, though even he could not refrain, in later life, from reviving the scene of his short-lived greatness, and of alluding to his past estate by replying to the question if he had ever been in the House of Parliament before. "Never since I sat there," pointing to the throne. Many great men have expressed a wish to "die in harness," and the desire may not be unwise; The life of a corrodier may sometimes be happy; but, while human nature remains as it is, most of us sympathise with Scott's Abbot Ingelram of pleasant memory, who, when the brethren inquired in his ear that he had better resign his office, answered that while he could crook his little finger he would keep hold of the crozier with it.—*Globe.*

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CORRODIES.

Such was the name anciently given to those persons who bestowed all their property on monasteries, receiving in exchange a little cell within the sacred precincts, and a daily dole of the necessities of life. The corrodier was not a monk, and was bound by no vows; he simply relinquished the cares of the world and the trouble of managing his own property in exchange for a life of quiet and repose. In the turbulent days of the past it is not wonderful that many a man as age advanced upon him felt desirous, like the old Spanish general, "to put an interval between fighting and dying"; but corrodiers are not extinct even in the present century.

Most hard working men have a distant ideal of a haven of rest, where they will retire from active life and leave younger hands to carry on their work. Often the actual corrodier bargain is struck between them and their descendants, and the shop-keeper hands over his business to his son, or the senior partner retires in favour of his junior, for a fixed income. What arrangement can be more satisfactory to all parties? As it was in the days of old, when the knight or baron threw aside his corrodies and worldly associates to enter the securer and peaceful home of the corrodier, so his modern successor can relieve himself of worry and toil at the expense of his sons or nephews, who are young and able to battle with the world. In theory, nothing can be happier than the life of a corrodier. But it is as blissful in actual reality? This has dimmed the recollections of the first of the class, and as the historians of the time were chiefly monks, who profited by the transfer of property, it may be that the accounts that have come down to us are a trifle one-sided in their character. In his "Chronicles of Troyland," Ingulph gives a rose-coloured picture of the peace and security enjoyed by those persons who had transferred their possessions to the abbey for the sake of living under its shadow; and his account may be true in the main. But it is difficult to believe that the most devout corrodier never experienced a certain yearning to meddle again in the management of his own estate after it had passed into the administration of the brotherhood. Probably the monks were better landlords and better farmers than he had ever been, but it must have been difficult for the original lessor to acknowledge this. The persons who took the religious vows and actually entered the monastery were spared this vexation, as they renounced all interest in mundane matters; but the corrodiers were not so ascetic, and as he sat in his box, with little to occupy him, he must often have grained in spirit at the mistaken manner in which his fields were being sown, or his tenants treated. Tenayson's "Northern Farmer" candidly acknowledges that "he could not bear to see" the alterations that other tenants will make in his farm after his decease, and probably few of us would be altogether satisfied with the manner in which our heirs would carry on our work.

There is a fable of a miser whose whole life had been so evil that, after his death, the authorities of Hades were puzzled to find punishment sufficient for him. At last it was decided, as the worst of penalties, that his spirit should revisit the earth and see how his heirs were spending his money. This fate is somewhat like the lot of a corrodier, ancient or modern. To the hard-wooded man of the nineteenth century, as to the baron of old, there is something fascinating in the idea of a period of repose in later life; and when the corrodier hands over his estate, or his shop, or his business, he doubts less feels a sensation of relief. But does the sensation last? Idiomas now falls on a man whose previous life has been one of work and activity. As the old tailoress clattered about his manufacture, "on melting days" so the shopkeepers' business man is apt, if he lives in the vicinity, to weary his successors by "just looking in to see how things are going." This habit, like a bad spelling-book, "breeds leathomeness and quartiles." The new managers are, of course, carrying on the business after their own fashion, and introducing innovations which vex the corrodier's very soul. Naturally the dislikes being transferred with the testator will be of kindred or the result due to age prevents their expressing their feelings openly. But the corrodier goes home sighing that "these boys will wreck the business" and the "boys" in turn wish that "when the old gentleman has retired, he would keep away, altogether, and not come meddling." It can never be agreeable to correlate to revisit his relinquished property. The ancient corrodier must have had to strive, pangs it ever walked again over his broad acres, and found his tenants utterly indifferent to his presence, while they bowed and graced before the prior, who might put a good word for them. Dr. Christiano, of Venice, left 6,000L for the maintenance of his three dogs, with a condition that at their death the sum be added to the University of Vienna. A Mrs. Elizabeth Hunter, in 1813, left \$1,000 a year to her parrot, and the Count of Mirandola bequeathed a large legacy to a pet cat. Lord Chesterfield left a sum for the support of his favourite cat, so also did one Frederick Harper, who settled \$500 a year on his "young black cat," the interest to be paid to his housekeeper, Mrs. Hodges, as long as the cat should remain alive. The most singular of these pets, however, was that of a Mr. Berkeley, of Knightbridge, who died in 1805. He left \$12 to four of his dogs. During a journey through France and Italy this gentleman, being attacked by brigands, had been protected and saved by his dog; the four animals, pensioned by his will were the descendants of this faithful friend. Feeling his end near Mr. Berkeley desired that two arm-chains might be brought to his bedside, and his four dogs seated on them. He received their last caresses, which he returned with the best of his failing strength and died in their paws. By an article in his will he ordered that the busts of his four dogs should be carved in stone and placed at the four corners of his tomb.—*Galatea.*

ful results. Charles V. did not find the peace he anticipated at St. Just. Like most corrodiers, he cast backward glances at the world